

Method Man "Big Dogs"

Visit "[Big Dogs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

Def Squad, Wu Tang

[laugh]

(check it, check it out)

[Verse 1: Method Man, (Redman in brackets)]

(Yo yo Method Man, yo yo Iron Lungs)

(Call us gorillas in the myst)

(Raunchy vocalist)

Your code name

(Doc)

(Whats yo' name)

Hot Nix

Who them slick kids puffin that shit holdin they dicks

(Yo them same two drivin yo whip fuckin yo bitch)

Hold me down son

(Yo, I hold you down with the pound)

You got a lot of buiscits

(Ayo but where they at now?)

Diggy down yo we resevior dogs, you puppy chow-chow

Got my mittens on the kitten, lickin it now-now

(Yo we bring the beef to you, infest it with the mad cow)

Disease

(We set to load)

Cock and squeeze

(Booya!)

We too hard to hold off

(One arm slam ya like Nicoli Volkov)

When i dip dip dappa (dappa)

The anti-socializa (liza)

Everything be ice cream from _?_

(We rock ya, knock ya fuckin whole team off the roster)

(Starting lineup, Iron Lung)

The funk docta

[Verse 2: Method Man]

Johnny blaze the ghost rider (uh)

Ghost stories by the campfire (uh)
The night breed (vampire!)
Duckin from the head rushin (uh)
Wu Tang production
Precussions bringin reprecussions
I hold my mike sideways bustin (bustin)
Another one bites the dust and
Cardiac arrest
Clutchin your chest suckin your last breath
In awe, period meth
Nigga,
dyin from papercuts, Bleedin to death
Down these mean streets johnny quest (uh)
From ASCAP to NASDAQ
Get that money sack (uh)
These habitats aint no place to raise family at (family
at)

These alley cats be at war with these dirty rats
So watch you back when you come to the slum
There aint nowhere to run from the iron lizard lung
Blazes on stunts
I be dippin in the sun
My plates bear no one
My uzi weighs a ton
(Word up)

[Verse 3: Redman]

Pon Cocked
The don juan doc
Send crews back to the shoe shine box
Connect the dots
My description
Black mel
Yellow da mellow
I make it hard for mc's to run neck and elbow
With d-o
Penal code
We both to duck when he hear the bike
Wit the squeaky clutch
Swallow this hard act to follow
You could parachute off my slang and use my rhymes
to toggle
I'm tense, so smooth i cant be fingerprinted
I stomp harder in slow motion
Yo fuck your appluad
Bitches still rush me like they rushed the store
Before the soul train award
Incorporate a law
Whoever aint raw get they hand chopped
By jamal with the wu sword (whoo-ee!)

My crew specializin
Snakin yo bitch
Robbin you while you on the floor
Shakin your shit
I'm doin me now i'll do you
(Yo who you?)
Doc
I bomb shit through the conflicts crucial
I be da black el nino
I mean yo
I'm supreme like the team show
With the pay to cream fo
(To see you sit down?)
Yo, na we get the fuck up
(And leave the one you wit)
Then take off of usher
Thats right, six double oh with chrome pipes
U.S. marshals out to pen us up like Snipes
(Throw it in drive)
Fuck takin me and meth alive!
(Yo, you look that-a-way)
You look out the other side!

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.